



Our historic election

Voters go to the polls Tuesday to decide the most important gubernatorial election in California history. That the campaign had little time for the great issues confronting California — partly because of Reagan's artful feints, partly because of Brown's clumsy lunges—is no indication that the stakes in this contest aren't higher than they have ever been before.

For the repudiation of Brown and the election of Reagan would mean that a generation of progressive legislation—in

medicare, in education, in welfare, in conservation, in water resources, in bringing to account the dreadful problems of growth, population and sprawl—would be in grave jeopardy. It isn't difficult to imagine, for example, what will happen to the conservation movement at the hands of a man who talks loudly about selling off "unused park land." It is this sort of statement that shows Reagan's naivete, his total lack of qualification for any responsible gov-

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ORGANIZE!

—That's the new word firing the nation's radicals

Stokely Carmichael, fiery advocate of "black power," came to the Berkeley campus last week and told mostly white students the new word was "organize." Organize the white radicals, organize the black proletariat. The time has come, he declared, to end ultimately futile demonstrations. This significant switch in black power aims, to undermine the white power structure, is more formidable than the threat of a third party. Formidable because it leans now to-

ward the philosophies of the ultra-extreme, shadowy Negro groups that find their spiritual home in New York's Harlem. Carl Frank, new chairman of Berkeley's militant Vietnam Day Committee, exhorts the same message—organize!—in an exclusive Guardian interview. If it is too radical to suggest that the two movements might ever find common ground, at least the trend is clear—the forces of moderation and conservatism face more intractable opponents.

Carmichael's battleplan for revolutionaries

By Roger B. Henkle

For those with eyes to see and ears to hear, Stokely Carmichael's Berkeley speech last week constituted nothing less than a call for organizing black power and New Left peace groups behind a revolutionary political program.

HARLEM'S GHETTO LEADERS

By S. C. Pelletiere

James Haughton, 36 and handsome, with a BA in political science from City College of New York, a masters from New York university and a year and a half of graduate work at Princeton ("a real Southern school; I was the only black man in my class"), has been offered several positions in "the white man's industry" ("a \$30,000-a-year selling lumber—if I put my shoulder to the wheel"). Yet, from preference, he draws a subsistence wage as director of the Harlem Unemployment center, a set-up for finding Negroes jobs by boycotting, picketing construction sites and training black militant trade unionists.

Haughton does not resent the ghetto; in fact, he bitterly rejects the implication that middle class life has eluded him: "There is something basically erroneous about the middle class being on the outside [of the Negroes' fight for civil rights—Editor.] Safely ensconced in their apartments, earning \$25,000 — Don't they know their survival, their trips to Martha's Vineyard, their big cars, how they feed their families, everything is based on blood money? They live so well because the black man lives poorly. If that isn't an intimate rela-

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VDC purges the cult of personality

By Our Berkeley Correspondent

Unassuming, quietly spoken, in sober jacket and subdued tie, Carl Frank leaned across the sun-warmed table on the Berkeley campus terrace.

"What we are trying to do is get rid of the cult of personality. It tends to focus attention on flashy individuals and inhibits young students from assuming responsible positions in the movement."

NO ONE could accuse Frank of being flashy, yet this was the new chairman of the University of California's Vietnam Day committee—that very militant group that provoked riots, mass arrests and national notoriety last October by attempting to halt Oakland troop trains.

Many thought the VDC a spent force. Its numbers drastically fell off earlier this year, partly as a result of members splitting to share the heady enthusiasm of the Scheer campaign.

Its left-wing fervor was presumed permanently dampened by university action in August banning it from campus activities for defying university rules.

OFFICE CLOSED, VDC leaders drifted off to head further crusades. Firebrand Jerry Rubin, for instance, started Students for a Democratic Society, which sponsored Stokely Carmichael's black power speech last week.

Others were fired to weld various UC peace groups into one, while retaining each group's individual identity. The United Committee Against the War was the result, composed on August 11 of 47 different groups.

Still, so far this semester, the

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To get Bay land—move a mountain!

By Bruce B. Brugmann

The world's most massive earth-moving operation since the Great Wall of China is poised to begin south of San Francisco. It will move much of San Bruno Mountain into much of San Francisco Bay.

Put simply, the gargantuan project would decapitate San Bruno Mountain—by hacking several hundred feet off its southeastern spur in San Mateo County—to provide up to 350,000,000 cubic yards of earth fill for bay-side projects such as Redwood Shores in Redwood City and runway extensions for San Francisco International Airport.

Reports about the project have reverberated for years through the mudflats and saltponds, but its first surfacing came last week when the Pacific Air Commerce Center (PACC) brought its first city-in-the-bay fill plans before the San Mateo County Regional Planning Committee. PACC is the corporation promoting the scheme.

THAT THIS project is envisioned as one of the largest reclamation projects in history is shown by a recent private study for the corporation. This study, obtained exclusively by The Guardian, lists these potential markets and amounts for fill from San Bruno:

Foster City—5,000,000 cubic yards.
Mariner's Island—500,000.
San Francisco International Airport—5,000,000.
Redwood Shores—30,000,000.
PACC—10,410,000.
Cabot, Cabot & Forbes—6,410,000.
Southern Pacific and Crocker Land Co.—10,870,000.
South Bay Crossing—19,000,000.
Seventh St. Mole Develop-

ment in Oakland—5,000,000.

Santa Fe Railway Co. in Berkeley—100,000,000.

The "possible total of potential fill" for these projects: 192,190,000.

If fill permits can't be obtained from the Bay Conservation and Development Commission or the Army Corps of Engineers, the report said, development pressures on new flat lands would bring more diked areas, primarily those of the Leslie Salt Co., onto the market. Leslie, developer of Redwood Shores in Redwood City, has some 43,000 tidelands acres that have been diked off for years in the South Bay and are thus beyond the jurisdiction of the BCDC, the report continued.

If only half this acreage were filled to an average depth of four feet, the total fill requirement

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Has the peace

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anti-war movement has been out of the news. True, a "national mobilization" is called for November 5-8, with "peace brigades" in flatbed trucks throughout California aiming at distributing a million leaflets.

But more dramatic action, measured by clashes with authority, last week failed to stir up much of a cheep from the Bay area's daily newspapers. This was a plan to speak to troops at the Presidio and to defy an Oakland ordinance against distributing pamphlets in the streets.

HAS THE peace movement then lost its steam? Is the obvious determination of President Johnson to press on with the war in Vietnam causing a loss of interest?

Not so, claims the circum-spectly fervent Mr. Frank. The movement is settling into a long-term outlook. Out have gone the firebrands and the beatniks, in have come the organizers.

And Carl Frank is typical of the VDC organizers. Its steering committee is all-new and practical, concerned less with the immediate goal of getting the troops out of Vietnam than with the slow process of convincing the nation of U.S. immorality there.

If anything, they are more dedicated than the old leaders, and more methodical.

Frank illustrated this new resolve when he explained why the Vietnam Day Committee revived nearly three weeks ago, why the university allowed the organization back on campus and why the name was not simply dropped and a new name chosen.

"**WE COULDN'T** afford to let the university administration put that kind of pressure on the anti-war movement," he declared unsmilingly.

"We decided to defend the movement by reviving the VDC. We promised to respect the rules of the university because our primary concern is not to fight the university. We want to focus dissent on our goals."

Talking to Carl Frank is an unusual experience. Unlike his predecessors, he is willing to listen to arguments. Shouting down a dissenter with machinegun-like, slanted "facts" interspersed with hand-thumping yells is foreign to him. He argues logically. I had to remind myself constantly that here was the leader of a still-militant, left-wing group.

At 22, he is married to a shy-looking, bespectacled girl he met at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, where he got his BA. At Antioch, too, his interest in peace movements was born.

HE HAS been at Berkeley two months studying comparative literature on a \$2,000-a-year government fellowship. He drives a gold-colored late model Corvair he says was a gift from his father, a veterinarian.

"I'll have to start studying soon," he said, releasing a smile like a spring. Day-to-day organizing details of VDC have so far taken up most of his time.

Like Russia's present leaders, who scorned Khrushchev's flamboyance, he regards the cause as more important than the leader.

"I don't think of myself as chairman at all," he said. "My most crucial function is to act as a liaison between the VDC and the United Committee. In

movement lost its steam?

fact, at our next steering committee meeting we plan to start rotating the office of chairman every two weeks. None of us wants any individual to dominate the organization.

"The trouble with the old VDC is that they lacked a power base. A process of democratization has now set in with honest young people joining us, not the beatniks or drifters, although we'll get those as the movement snowballs again."

HE PAUSED thoughtfully when I asked if he thought the beatniks gave the movement a wrong image.

"To a certain extent," he said finally, "we have to convince the American people we are not

crackpots, although I don't consider beatniks crackpots.

"Our job is to build a structure strong enough to sustain the shocks of future escalation of the war without being destroyed. Everything used to be geared to the big, single action like the Oakland troop train demonstration, and no thought was given to building a network of anti-war movements that would be permanent.

"A lot of the anti-war veterans lost interest when they saw they could not influence the government's action right off. Our problem is to persuade students and the public that they can be effective in the long-run."

"I am under no illusions about how difficult it is going to be. I am rather pessimistic of our suc-

cess in the short-run, but hopeful for the future. I have never felt students or intellectuals could end the war, but I believe that after the elections further escalation of the war will bring more of the public on our side.

Then there will be a stronger call for immediate negotiations with the Viet Cong. I myself never did think that the call for immediate withdrawal of U.S. forces stood much of a chance."

Frank took another sip at his now-cold coffee, glanced at his watch and begged to be excused for one of the multitude of little, humdrum daily tasks that he does so well as chief organizer.

"It's a harrowing business," he remarked. But there was no sign of any weakening behind the spectacles.

Carmichael Exorcises Demons

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Democratic Society (SDS), which sponsored the rally toward rejecting the prevailing values of the country.

Ironically, SDS, according to one of its members, had feared the uproar over Black Power would obscure the real purpose, to promote development and organization of a "revolutionary" force. This force is to be made up of the New Left, more militant Negro organizations, the disenfranchised intellectuals and underprivileged Negroes and whites. The white New Left has discovered that teach-ins and protest marches are ineffective in influencing the American public and stopping the war in Viet Nam; therefore, as their efforts to put up Congressional candidates last Spring revealed, they are trying to develop a political power base.

Carmichael made it clear that SNCC is trying to do the same thing. "You can't move morally against a man like Brown or Reagan or Johnson," Carmichael said, "you've got to move politically. We in SNCC maintain we need new political institutions in this country... that question the values of this society." Carmichael said that organizations such as his cannot work within the present party system; "We know the Democratic party doesn't represent the needs of the black people. The men who run this country are sick." He pointed to the establishment, through SNCC's efforts, of the

"Even if I were to believe the lies of Lyndon Johnson, that we're fighting to give freedom to Viet Nam, as a black man in this country, I wouldn't fight to give this to anybody."

—CARMICHAEL.

Black Panther party in Alabama as an example of the way Negro organizations can move "outside the institutions" of white America.

Carmichael's hostility to prevalent white morality indicates the depth of his split with the liberal community. Repeatedly he and other Negro speakers characterized American society as "sick," or "insane," and Carmichael warned, "we refuse to be the therapy for white society any longer."

The Vietnam war which he characterized as "illegal and immoral," and American capitalism, which he and other Negro speakers at the rally assailed for "exploiting colored people all over the world," are symptoms of the immorality and bankruptcy of American liberal principles. Carmichael urged black men to say "Hell, no!" to the draft; "we are the most militant organization against the war in Viet Nam today. No one has the right to take a man and train him to be a killer of innocent people."

A position against American policy is not unique in contemporary politics; white peace organizations, especially SDS, have maintained them for years, as have most Negro leaders, including Martin Luther King. Significant, however, is that Berkeley's rally was a long way in tone from early civil rights rallies as Carmichael's. Black people must begin articulating for themselves. Black people are the best people to question the values of this society

"Every civil rights bill in this country was passed for white people, not black people. You people worry about passing a civil rights bill for open housing. You (whites) need the civil rights bill, not me. I KNOW I have the right to live where I want to live."

—CARMICHAEL.

'THOSE CATS GONNA WAKE UP'

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tionship, what is? As many New Yorkers Haughton slips into the vernacular when agitated. Thus he describes his satisfaction anticipating the day when "Those bastards are going to wake up on the street because nobody's gonna need no \$25,000 a year public relations men any more. Those cats gonna see things then they never thought of. . . ."

AS A MARXIST, Haughton believes implicitly in his "Pirate-Jenny-daydream." "This system can't maintain itself. American capitalism is going to rip itself apart sooner or later. Soon as there's an economic disaster, everything's going to swing the other way," i.e., Haughton's way.

It is for this that Haughton organizes. "There aren't enough black revolutionaries—people for whom salvation lies outside the capitalist system. The young people get sucked up in Haryou [Harlem's poverty program. —Editor.] and are corrupted. . . ."

To Haughton, the white power structure has three ways of dealing with Negro militants, "three things it is prepared to do and will do: Buy out militant leadership, frame it, kill it. Stokely will be killed. He has the flavor and substance of a true leader. He is a solid young cat. He is beautiful."

The ghetto is maturing many more young Stokelys, according to Haughton. "Guys with style and movement. The Negro people are very poetic. The Baptist ministers, they've got it. . . . Haughton's hands flutter trying to express the ineffable if "I haven't got it; I'm too old, too intellectual. True leadership has to come from the street."

AT A STREET rally in 1964, nine days after Lt. Thomas Gilligan killed a Negro youth, Bill Epton, an officer of the Maoist Progressive Labor Party, appealed at a street rally for Negroes to "retaliate" when the police killed one of them. The police recorded this statement on tape. Epton was charged with "criminal anarchy." Sentenced to a year in prison, his case became an international cause celebre with Bertrand Russell, Simone De Beauvoir and Sartre petitioning for his release.

Out on bail, Epton organizes. He scorns emotional issues and empty demonstrations, insisting that "You got to get out and knock on doors. You got to say, 'Mrs. Jones, what's your problem?' You got to get rebuffed. Everybody's got a list of ten names, knocks on ten doors, then maybe you'll get results. . . . But the young people only want action."

Epton feels the press puts too much emphasis on labeling a leader. One will not come for a long while, he says. "There are two million organizations in Harlem, each with two, three, four members. The people have been treated badly in the past. They've been milked of their cash. Today they want to know if you're the real article. They watch, they really watch. Then, when they decide you're real, they come around and start questioning—man, that's interrogation, worse than the police. You know, Negro's not like the white society where it's hard to tell what people think, politically."

"Sometimes people call me up; they say, 'You still printing those leaflets [Progressive Labor Party pamphlets.—Editor.]? I'm keeping a file.' I don't know who they are. They don't come to any

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The cartoons that cost me thousands



ODDS BODKINS
TELLS FOR THE
FIRST TIME WHY
NEWSPAPERS
DROPPED HIM
WHEN HE
AIMED SOME
PUNCHES AT
SEN. GOLDWATER



Two of Bodkins' syndicated strips that many newspapers found objectionable

Strips must be funny, even to those attacked

By Dan O'Neill

In the beginning I was rich—at least by my standards. Only 21, I had been given a five-year contract, guaranteeing a fat lump of money weekly, merely for drawing cartoons, which I always had given away. I was rich, especially, because I was a college English major when the contract arrived. What really made it fun, though, was that I didn't know how to draw, i.e., I didn't know how to draw bodies. So all my cartoon people—using the word loosely—consisted of nothing but faces, hands and feet.

All the real artists I knew said, "My, it's wonderful the way you have simplified your drawings and achieved this fantastic new style of cartooning." I agreed with them because they seemed to know what they were talking about. College English majors, like myself, are famous more for bad eyesight than their knowledge of the art world.

However, being a syndicated cartoonist is a lot different than being a college student who likes to draw. The important difference is that syndicated cartoonists have editors. Mine were Stanley Arnold, the Chronicle's Sunday editor, and Phelps Dewey, head of the Chronicle's feature syndicate. These two discovered me. I had done cartooning for the University of San Francisco's Foghorn in 1960. And, during 1962-64, I did a once-a-week strip for the Nevada County Nugget. My approach to Arnold and Dewey was perfectly timed. The Chronicle dropped a strip the day I walked into their office.

ON THE SURFACE, my job seemed easy. Every day I would draw roughs and turn them into my two editors, who would select the cartoons they wanted for the comic page that week. Actually, I dreaded turning my work in, because I can't stand waiting for

people to laugh. I'd take the cartoons around to the Chronicle, dump them on Arnold's desk and beat it. Later, Arnold would call to say what he thought of them.

The first lesson I learned from Arnold and Dewey was: You can say anything in a comic strip, provided you say it so even those you attack laugh with you. In practice, this means: No cartoons about politics, religion or sex. With politics, especially, this seemed a paradox. Politics are all people talk about. Most frustrating was to turn in a cartoon that was not only funny but a good reflection of attitudes I'd noticed others and me carrying around, and have my editors say, "It's funny, but they won't laugh at it in Iowa." This, then, was the second frustration of syndicated cartooning: It's impossible to print a cartoon everyone in the United States will understand.

As my editors pointed out, a million things are common to all city people, and I should focus on those. I was just learning to do this when, out of the western wilderness, rode Barry Goldwater and the National Madness.

COMING FROM Irish stock (if it weren't for the wheelbarrow, some of my relatives wouldn't have learned to walk), I was a Democrat. Having a soapbox via my strip, I climbed on and threw a series of not-very-fierce punches at Mr. Goldwater and friends. Soon I learned that the newspapers carrying my strip were watching it closely.

Another truism of the newspaper business I learned: All publishers are Republicans and all editors Democrats (decided by little things like who pays the light bills). I began hearing that papers wanted to cancel my strip. Presently I got paranoid.

Instead of waiting for papers to reach the Chronicle, I bought them on the stands to see if my strip was still carried.

One strip I drew was: A reporter asked a candidate what he would do to prevent World War III. The candidate recommended that all people not believing in peace should be rounded up and killed. On the strength of that cartoon, I believe, the Los Angeles Times dropped me. The day after it was scheduled to appear, the paper backed Goldwater. With syndicated cartoons, the little papers watch the big papers. Once a big paper cancels, the little ones usually follow. I lost two papers in Arizona and a batch of papers in the South. My billings slid, over several months, from \$300 a week to \$179 a month.

I did not feel the financial pinch immediately, since papers must pay for cartoons 15 weeks after giving notice. But eventually I dropped from 45 papers to 12. As each paper is billed according to circulation, a big paper like the Los Angeles Times pays \$50 a week; the Fergus Falls, Minn., paper may pay as

low as \$5. The syndicate gets 55%; I get 45%. I figure it's cost me \$1,000 a month since 1964 to vote for Johnson (it's little things like this that make you wish LBJ would learn to speak English). fishing. I moved my drawing board to the mountains and became a hermit, waiting for my billings to go up. It was a great relief to hike around the mountain streams killing fish. (As a Catholic, I've always hated fish.) Every once in a while I'd climb on a bus and ride to San Francisco for a talk with my editors. ("Would you like a talk, sir?" "No thanks, they seem to be fattening, and I must watch my waistline.")

During one of these conversations, I asked if I could be my own editor. I wanted to get the original irreverence back into the comic strip before the strip disappeared, so that I would be the only one to blame. Arnold and Dewey, who happen to be nice guys, gave me permission. So while I was happily kicking Sacred Cows in their udders, my editors started searching for newspapers that wouldn't flinch. To my amazement, they found

one in Iowa, the Burlington Hawkeye.

A large number of college newspapers also wanted my strip. If I hadn't been syndicated, probably I would still be in college... which means that I think like I'm in college... which means that I live in all the wonderful Ivory Towers that you're allowed to live in while you're out. So it really is only natural that colleges would buy my comic strip.

Ivory Towers came to be because most of the human race crawled out of the treetops, picked up sticks and started hitting each other over the head. Some of us who didn't enjoy the pain climbed up into Ivory Towers. From here we say, "Hey, stupid! Come on up and see the view!" Maybe someday everyone will climb up and Ivory Towers will get so crowded the walls will burst and fall down and we all can live on the ground... maybe.

In the meantime, I ask a friend of mine, who happens to be a candidate for president in 1968, about world affairs. Since my friend is a trout, and lives in a fishbowl I rent to him for \$4 a week, I doubt he will win the nomination. In any case, I asked Ferd Trout what he thought we should do about Vietnam. Ferd thinks we should move it to Montana where we can keep an eye on it...

A breakthrough, they said

In the plush palaces of San Francisco's auto row, four new office jobs for Negroes constitute an equal opportunity breakthrough.

The city's Human Rights commission discovered this 1966 leap forward last week in the latest Equal Opportunity Employment Survey of the Motor Car Dealers association. Since July 1, the commission learned, dealer-members of the MCDA have hired four new Negro office workers.

"That's a breakthrough," explained Human Rights commission Director Frank Quinn. He

added that now there are five Negroes among the 401 office workers employed by MCDA members.

The auto dealers' employment survey, compiled for the Human Rights commission each quarter since the 1964 auto row civil you're in college but not when rights demonstrations, disclosed that of 2,133 service and office employees of dealers belonging to the association, 163, or 7.9%, are Negroes.

Another 253, or 11.9%, are members of other minority groups.

And 1,712, or 80.2% are white.

Father Wong

The salaried employee of the Chinatown North Beach Economic Opportunity Council is the Rev. Larry Jack Wong, not Father Joseph Wong, as reported in the last issue. The Reverend Wong is now area director of the council. Father Wong retired as chairman of the area board of the Chinatown North Beach office last month; Father Wong was not salaried.

The Bay Guardian
Nov. 7, 1966 page 3

THE \$4 BILLION QUESTION MARK

How can we be certain the best design for a supersonic airliner will be chosen?

By our aviation correspondent

The supersonic transport (SST) sweepstakes is on, and the winning manufacturer stands to pick up billions. But what about the U.S. taxpayer, who will foot development costs; the airlines, which must buy the 1,800-mile-per-hour giants to compete; and the airline passenger of the 1970s, who will be riding it. Winners or losers?

These questions are being pondered behind closed doors of sparsely trimmed government offices in Washington and in lushly furnished airline executive suites. The two airframe manufacturers left in the running for what may be the richest government plum ever handed a company—Boeing Co. of Seattle and Lockheed Aircraft Corp. of Burbank, Calif.—would have one think it cut and dried.

"Best for supersonic flight, best for low-speed approaches and landings," trumpets Boeing of their moveable-wing SST. "The variable sweep concept, already proved in flight, represents another step forward."

"Simplicity of design, dictated by experience," gloats Lockheed of their fixed-wing double delta design. Its unique advantage, says the California aerospace firm: "outstanding flight handling characteristics at all speeds—without the complexity of in-flight changes in shape."

OBSERVERS OF THESE diametrically opposed views wonder about the "unique advantages" of each design. Certainly a great deal of top-notch engineering has gone into both, and each company may believe it has the best design.

But it's not quite like a Mustang versus a Corvette, although the passengers will get to test first-hand the wisdom of the decision on design, to be made Jan. 1, 1967. Because of the tremendous development costs, only one plane will be built, and there's no guarantee that the government will choose the superior.

The situation, regardless of claims, seems to be this: No one has experience to speak of in large supersonic aircraft. The defense department was so impressed with the hush-hush Lockheed RS-71 and the semi-hush-hush North American B-70 that Secretary McNamara ordered no supersonic bombers.

THESE ARE THE ONLY large supersonic planes ever built and, for some time, there was extreme doubt the B-70 would get off the ground. Then, when it did, one of the three extraordi-



arily expensive test models was destroyed and two top test pilots killed in a publicity picture-taking session ordered by a large corporation.

Not that McNamara is always, or ever, right. But there is some tradition of bombers preceding airline types. Such was the case when the Boeing 707 (first airline jet except for the ill-fated Comet) followed its pappy—Air Force C-135, which followed the B-47.

But building a supersonic transport represents a step greater even than from piston engines into jets. And that was some move. The airlines are only in the last two years recovering from the economic impact of the piston-to-jet transition.

MANY AIRLINE CHIEFS now complain that just when jet aircraft have been shaken down to safe, efficient planes, companies must turn around and plow investor's dividends into the "questionmark" SST. No wonder cautiously worded phrases emerge from corporate offices: "My God, we may never recover from this one."

On the next sticky point, noise and the sonic boom, some airline people say "the thing can be operated only over water or sparsely settled zones." Even the rancher in the sparsely settled zone may object to having his windows shattered by the big noise. Yet, the two engine manufacturers in the sweepstakes—Pratt & Whitney and General Electric—make equally exorbitant claims, with some disregard for physics. Although an SST engine triples the power of those now in use, it has been ordered to be no noisier. This poses a few problems for the engineers. Here are some others.

Hot section interiors of SST engines may run up to 3,000° "This melts almost anything," says a National Aeronautics and Space Administration engineer, "so cooling systems must be devised within the engines." In addition, the only oil that will work in this heat costs \$1,500 a gallon and is thrown away after three flights. Present jet oil costs \$6 per gallon.

ON THE B-70 BOMBER, the

copilot's chief job is constantly adjusting the engine air inlets to correspond to speed. Thus, he has little time to help the captain navigate. This takes us to the little matter of flying the rascals and the title of a speech the chief project test pilot in the B-70 program has prepared for top aviation people: "Supersonic Flight—A Surprise for the Airlines."

To many top airline flight and engineering people, it will be no surprise. They've heard that trying to level NASA's SST simulator at 80,000 ft. and hold it while going supersonic back to subsonic is like riding a roller-coaster. Air Force pilots have a term for this, "The J-C Maneuver," named for the phrase the pilot utters after encountering this kind of a pitch-control problem.

LANDING THE GIANT craft will, one learns, present no problem on today's 10,000-ft. runway. "Even if the wings stick in the full aft position, we can land the plane at 200 m.p.h.," says Boeing optimistically. That's a mite faster than today's touchdown speed of a tri-engine 727 at 115 m.p.h., and there's a bit more weight in one of those 600,000-lb., 350-passenger planes of the future.

Boeing doesn't face all the pitfalls. Veteran pilots discussing Lockheed's delta wing job speak about the danger of "falling behind the power curve" and the high angle of attack (raising the nose) when landing.

All this lies ahead in the race for the gold at the end of the rainbow. And the gold needed has started to pile up. The design competition alone has cost \$220 million. When the favored company begins in January to ready its two SST's—one for flight, one to be ground-tested to destruction—it will do so for \$2 billion, of which the public through its government will pay 90%. By the time the first production model is delivered to an airline, the cost will have risen to \$4 billion.

Airlines are doing some sober reflecting. It could be that Congress, despite the assertion of national prestige, may pause in contemplation of this behemoth.

Bay mountain will be moved to provide land

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would swell the total to a monstrous 321,000,000 cubic yards. An earlier study by the Foster City engineering firm of Wilsey, Ham and Blair determined that it was feasible to excavate 350,000,000 cubic yards from the mountain.

THESE ARE Andes and Himalayas of dirt—many times more than the total of dirt thus far dumped into the bay since the first settlers began filling in Yerba Buena Cove.

PACC was formed on Nov. 7, 1963, by the Crocker Land Co. (which owns most of San Bruno Mountain), the Ideal Cement Co. (which has extensive South Bay submerged holdings) and David Rockefeller, president of New York's Chase Manhattan Bank. Its announced purpose at that time: to fill thousands of acres of tidelands and open water, in a nine-mile stretch between Hunters Point in San Francisco and Coyote Point south of the airport, for an industrial, airport-oriented development.

Crocker would supply fill from the mountain. Ideal would supply most of the baylands for filling, and Rockefeller would supply much of the capital, according to a proposal laid before the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission in January, 1964. The commission authorized a report management to participate with the syndicate in a \$300,000 planning study, but later withdrew its visible support.

PACC put a soft pedal on the scheme with the coming of the Save the Bay movement to San Mateo County and with the public outcry against the rising tide of

excavating, hauling and filling in the county. Before the project dipped from sight, however, the Save the Bay association and other conservative groups classified it in their aviary of evil birds and stationed spotters on the ramparts to watch it.

LITTLE has been heard publicly about the project in recent months until PACC announced that it would present tentative plans to the RPC, a county-wide citizens' planning group. The plans call for commercial and residential development to be situated in submerged Ideal lands between Coyote Point and the San Mateo/Hayward Bridge. Robert Cranmer, PACC project manager, has refused to divulge further details until the meeting.

It is obvious, however, that PACC has shifted its strategy on two grounds: first, it no longer talks about development in the 30-mile stretch of open water between Hunters Point and Coyote Point (quite possibly, after conservationists pointed out that this would amount to a chunk of land the size of Manhattan Island); second, it is trying to keep separate the bayfill from the mountain excavation (by equivocating on where the fill will come from). Few doubt that it would come from San Bruno.

The reason for the second shift is readily apparent, but conservationists and government officials close to the project are frankly mystified by the shift in location. Some are equally mystified why PACC is making the move now for what certainly will be one of the most controversial fill projects ever in San Mateo County. For the first time, conservation

—Continued on Page 10

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The real issues were buried

By Our Political Correspondent

SACRAMENTO—No one here is betting either way on the outcome Nov. 8. Sacramento is too far from where it all will be decided—in the mind-numbing suburbs of Los Angeles and Orange counties.

Traveling with Brown and Reagan doesn't help, either. Both draw big crowds, win cheers, seem invincible. One isn't—which?

In its final throes, the campaign will have been remembered for what *wasn't* said. The real issues have been sublimated, surfacing for fractions of moments, then buried again by oratory on subjects no one really

cares about.

But finally, what is to our mind the overriding issue showed its ugly face. Stokely Carmichael came to Berkeley over Reagan's protests, Brown huddled under the publicity spotlight with police officials, and suddenly "the race issue" was in focus.

THE DAY before Carmichael's UC talk, Brown held a news conference in Sacramento. In effect, he told newsmen that his experience was needed to cope with future uprisings like Watts, San Francisco, Oakland.

To us, that statement—made by the governor despite his top advisors' advice—rang the political death knell for Brown. Ad-

mitting that race is the campaign's major issue sharpened the difference between the two candidates. It was an old liberal's admission that his administration must "cope with" future riots instead of preventing them.

For voters whose prime concern in 1966 is the race issue—and we fear they're in the majority—Brown's statement probably ended their indecision. They'll now vote with a clear conscience for Reagan. After all, Brown didn't really "cope with" Watts, San Francisco and Oakland. Not in the way the electorate wanted, at any rate.

To too many Californians, dealing with the race problem means using more force, more truncheons and more tear gas. In some places, cattle prods wouldn't be frowned on.

he could pull in Ivy Baker Priest as treasurer, but not much else on the statewide ticket.

But we're not betting either.

In a way, it sometimes appears this election is being held for the sole purpose of improving the lot of Jesse Marvin Unruh. No matter who wins, the Assembly speaker's position will be strengthened.

Unruh has given aid to Brown, lending staff assistance mostly. He told everyone he hasn't campaigned because he didn't want to be Brown's hatchet man. Unruh had his own image to worry about, he admitted. Yet his staff has performed vital service for Brown in Southern California, and the governor will owe Unruh a debt if he's re-elected.

REAGAN ALSO would have to play ball with Unruh. The Unruh-Yorty-Warschaw axis in Southern California—plus the speaker's legislative power—is too much for even a governor to take head-on. And we don't think Reagan and Unruh would have much trouble accommodating each other.

Even if it's a Reagan landslide, the Assembly won't change much. And it's still Unruh's house, despite rumblings of discontent among more liberal Democrats. The speaker also will have rare strength in the Senate, where many of his Assembly proteges are assured of election.

Unruh is perhaps the state's most complex political mechanism and it's difficult to pinpoint his direction. But give the state four years of Reagan, Unruh's probably thinking, and who knows? Maybe Californians then will want the firm hand of their "Big Daddy" at the helm.

Still, no one here is putting money on Reagan. There's hope that in the privacy of the ballot booth, voters finally will face up to Reagan's total lack of qualifications.

From here, it looks like Reagan by 500,000 votes. If he wins bigger, and it's far from unlikely,

The Reagan formula - television and more television

SACRAMENTO—Brown today knows how it feels to be an air force general whose planes are grounded by fog. He has a marvelous arsenal of time-tested political explosives, and no way to unload them on target.

Ronald Reagan has run a will o' the wisp campaign that has confounded Brown's attempts to zero-in on what the governor considers the gut issues of this race: Reagan's confusing history of political extremism and the Republican challenger's total lack of experience.

When Brown has hammered at these themes, Reagan has ignored him. And the governor is quickly learning that it takes two to tango—or to create political headlines.

NONE OF THIS is accidental on Reagan's part. As his campaign unfolded, it became obvious that the last thing Reagan wanted was to involve himself in the political dialogue between combatants that is a traditional feature of California races for governor.

Reagan has, in fact, carefully established a new pattern which, if successful, seems certain to become a campaign tradition.

In essence, the Reagan formula unfolded this way: He crisscrossed the state, saying little but seeing and shaking hands with many; avoided comments on specific charges against him or his party chieftains; bought literally millions of dollars of television time for the last two weeks of the campaign; then flooded home screens with his smiling, familiar Hollywood face.

The strategy was tailored for Reagan's unique television salability by the high-powered Los Angeles public relations firm of Spencer-Roberts. He has implemented it to perfection.

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS following Reagan were at first puzzled by the candidate's technique. Unlike Brown, he issued no texts of speeches in advance to assume full press exposure. Instead, he spoke always from a set of cards—the same set—shuffled expeditiously as he moved around the state so he would mention farm problems in the Central valley, welfare in the cities.

Eventually it occurred to reporters that this unusual procedure, far from the mistake of a political novice, was the artful strategy of a candidate who had written off daily news coverage and was banking entirely on his ability to sell a product via the television tube.

That the strategy is working was evidenced by a Brown aide's recent complaint to newsmen

that "you guys aren't capturing the excitement of this campaign." But by then reporters knew there was no such excitement, that the confrontation of two articulate men arguing different political principles simply hasn't materialized.

CERTAINLY IT HAS been no fault of Brown's staff. The old advisors, veterans of the Knowland and Nixon campaigns, have toiled to produce hard-hitting responses to nearly every word Reagan utters.

But when Reagan refuses to accept the challenge and enter into debate, the controversy Brown yearns for wilts to become a minor item buried inside the newspapers.

Another element in Reagan's campaign is difficult to classify as strategy, since it may well be part of the candidate's life style and thought processes.

In the past few weeks, Reagan has embraced welfare, federal support for education and unionism as if he invented the concepts. Few who heard him speak or knew the sources of his financial support would have believed such a switch possible. The Reagan of early 1966 had been too similar to the Goldwater of 1964.

BUT IT IS conceivable that Reagan, who once wooed the far left as passionately as he later did the far right, has truly found a mistress in moderation. That his affections strayed in the midst of a tough campaign may, charitably, be considered coincidental.

In any event, Reagan's new policy positions complicate Brown's task of making voters understand their deep differences in political philosophy.

The governor's problem was underlined by the recent formation in Los Angeles of a group boycotting the election because it offers no meaningful choice between candidates.

Commented a perplexed Brown: "If these people can't see any difference between my approach and Reagan's, there's nothing I can say to them now."

Neither Reagan nor Spencer-Roberts could ask a higher accolade.

MAXIMS and MINIMS

liberal: a political position characterized by determined efforts to promote what never before existed.

LSD: the religion of the opiates.

OAS: the Organization of American States, e.g., Alabama, California, Brazil, New York, Vermont, Peru, etc.—

politics: a sandbox for adults. In this, it is like sex or religion, these two, however, being comparatively harmless.

radical: a liberal on all fours.—

VC: (Viet Cong/Victor Charlie); a (spontaneous/tyrannized) (movement/rebellion) of (South/North) Vietnamese (patriots/stooges) seeking to (liberate/subjugate) their homeland.—

VDC: (Vietnam Day Committee); a hyperopic minority protesting against a myopic majority.—



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CONACHER GALLERIES

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Our historic election

Continued from page 1

ernment job and his complete misunderstanding of what is happening in our state.

Reagan rides the crest of the latest California breakers of "conservatism": like Gatsby, it looks for fulfillment in another time—"boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." It has its abrasive and vicious elements, but the vogue is at heart more romantic than vicious, more nostalgic than mean. It is ineffective and largely futile in dealing with the real problems of the real world.

Reagan's stands typify the temper of this cause: he is on record, at various times, in opposition to the progressive income tax, social security, medicare, the anti-poverty program, farm subsidies, TVA, the civil rights act, the voting rights act, public housing, federal aid to education and veterans hospitalization for other than service-connected disabilities. How can a man or a movement govern the state of California, from 1966-1970, with such a political philosophy? It is not true, as Blake said, that a fool who persists in his folly becomes wise.

The point is that California cannot afford the luxury of this kind of conservatism: because of the millions of people coming to California, because San Francisco and Los Angeles soon will have the greatest concentrations of urban power in history, because farm land and open space is vanishing at a suicidal rate, because technology is putting vast populations out of work, because of the social neglect of our cities and the uglification of our countryside, because we now have the knowledge to bridge the gulf between the very rich and the very poor. California's problems turn upon the fact that the state did not awaken soon enough or completely enough to the responsibility of becoming the nation's most populous, fastest growing and most difficult principality.

Gov. Brown has continued the work of Govs. Warren and Knight in keeping California moving in the direction

it had to go in the 1960s. He has not been subtle and he has been far from perfect. Inconsistent: yes, he tried to lead factions violently at war with one another. Often mistaken: of course, in dealing with a state like California. But his success should be judged by the size of his task, by the fierceness of his opposition from the right and now the New Left and by the lethal qualities of California politics. He has governed the state for eight years with intelligence, compassion and foresight. He's a good governor and he deserves reelection.

The Filler barons

Is the Pacific Air Commerce Center serious about dumping another city into San Francisco Bay? Indeed it is, and conservationists must mobilize straightaway for the great conservation battle of our time.

For this project is the blunt edge of the wedge for a gargantuan swath of destruction from San Francisco south: the use of San Bruno Mountain for fill (as much as 350,000,000 cubic yards), an indefinite amount of fill for airport expansion, a bayfront freeway extending miles into the bay at points, another PACC fill project between Hunters Point in San Francisco and Coyote Point (a 30-square-mile area the size of Manhattan Island), steppes and pampas of fill for Foster City, Redwood Shores, Mariners' Island, Cabot, Cabot & Forbes.

In the murky politics of San Mateo County and San Francisco, these projects all tie together: because they need cheap fill, because they fill bay and tideands, because they are good for business and good for the airport.

You can open fire on these schemes by key votes on Tuesday: against the airport bonds (which bring on more filling without a regional airport plan) and for Mark Sullivan for Congress and Adolph (Bud) Harrison for Supervisor in San Mateo County. Both are strong conservationists.

We recommend...

STATE OFFICES:

Governor: Pat Brown, Democrat. See lead editorial.

Lieutenant Governor: Robert Finch, Republican. Finch has shown considerable courage and independence in attacking the John Birch Society and the CLEAN Amendment despite their support by Reagan and his ultra-right wing backers. Glenn Anderson, the Democratic incumbent, has had only one real challenge while in office—the Watts riots—and he failed badly.

Treasurer: Bert A. Betts, Democrat. Betts has proven himself an extremely capable state officer. The Municipal Finance Officers Association named him the most outstanding finance officer in the U.S. in 1963.

Secretary of State: Norbert A. Schlei, Democrat. As assistant attorney general of the U.S. and legal adviser to presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Schlei was the principal draftsman of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Economic Opportunity Act, Voting Rights Act and Immigration Reform Act.

Attorney General: Thomas G. Lynch, Democrat. Under Lynch, California has continued to pace the nation in law enforcement procedures and judicial process. His opponent, Spencer Williams, is trying to woo the "white backlash" vote with a "crime in the streets" scare campaign.

Controller: Alan Cranston, Democrat. Cranston was the founding president of the California Democratic Council (CDC). A staunch battler for civil liberties, Cranston has the unique distinction of being hated equally by the New Left and the Radical Right. Best man on the ballot.

U.S. CONGRESS:

First District: Thomas Storer, Democrat. Clausen, the Republican incumbent, voted against the Voting Rights Bill, Poverty Bill, Minimum Wage Bill, Medicare, and Aid to Education. Storer supports legislation in these areas.

Fifth District: Phillip Burton, Democrat. Burton supports Johnson's domestic policies, is critical of Administration's Asian policy.

Sixth District: William Mailliard, Republican. One of the few Republicans in Congress to vote for open housing and minimum wage bills. Part of Peter Freulinghausen's and John Lindsay's "Wednesday Group" of liberal republicans.

Seventh District: Jeffrey Cohelan, Democrat. Cohelan has an excellent record in backing liberal domestic legislation; supports Fulbright in his criticism of Administration's foreign policy.

Ninth District: Don Edwards, Democrat. Hard working, effective liberal congressman. Has endorsed medicare, federal aid to education, and voting rights bills; criticized Administration on Dominican Republic and Vietnam.

Eighth District: George Miller, Democrat. Voted in favor of all major pieces of progressive domestic legislation before the last Congress.

Tenth District: George Leppert, Democrat. Leppert supports civil rights legislation, Economic Opportunity program and federal conservation legislation; opposes escalation in Vietnam.

Eleventh District: Mark Sullivan, Democrat. Domestically, Sullivan favors aid to education, poverty program, medicare; in foreign affairs wants better supervision of CIA, supports Johnson on Vietnam. Supports strong conservation program.

STATE PROPOSITIONS

1-A Constitutional revision. Vote YES.

3. Open space conservation. Vote YES.

16. Obscenity initiative. Vote NO.

SAN FRANCISCO CITY PROPOSITIONS

1. \$95,500,000 for bonds for the airport. Vote NO. This outlay of money shouldn't be spent until a regional plan is made involving all bay area airports.

2. \$96,500,000 in municipal transit system bonds. Vote YES.

Letters...

To the editor:

Congratulations on vol. 1, no. 1 of The Bay Guardian! I sincerely hope this imaginative and well-edited experiment in regional journalism prospers. We eminently need such an addition to our existing sources of news and commentary. I consider it a dutiful public service on my part—and one I perform happily—to

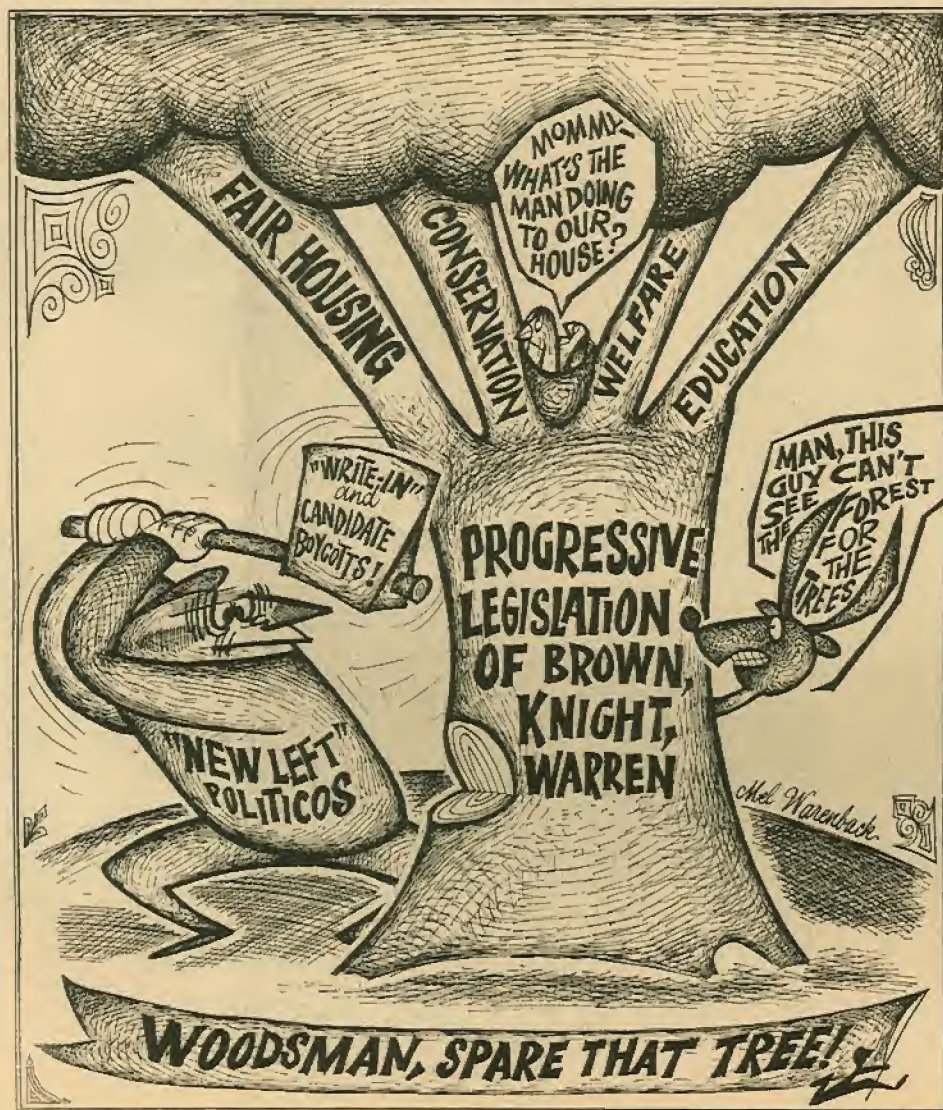
circulate the first issue among all my friends and colleagues with the suggestion that they consider subscribing.

Stanley Scott
Institute of Government
Studies,
University of California.

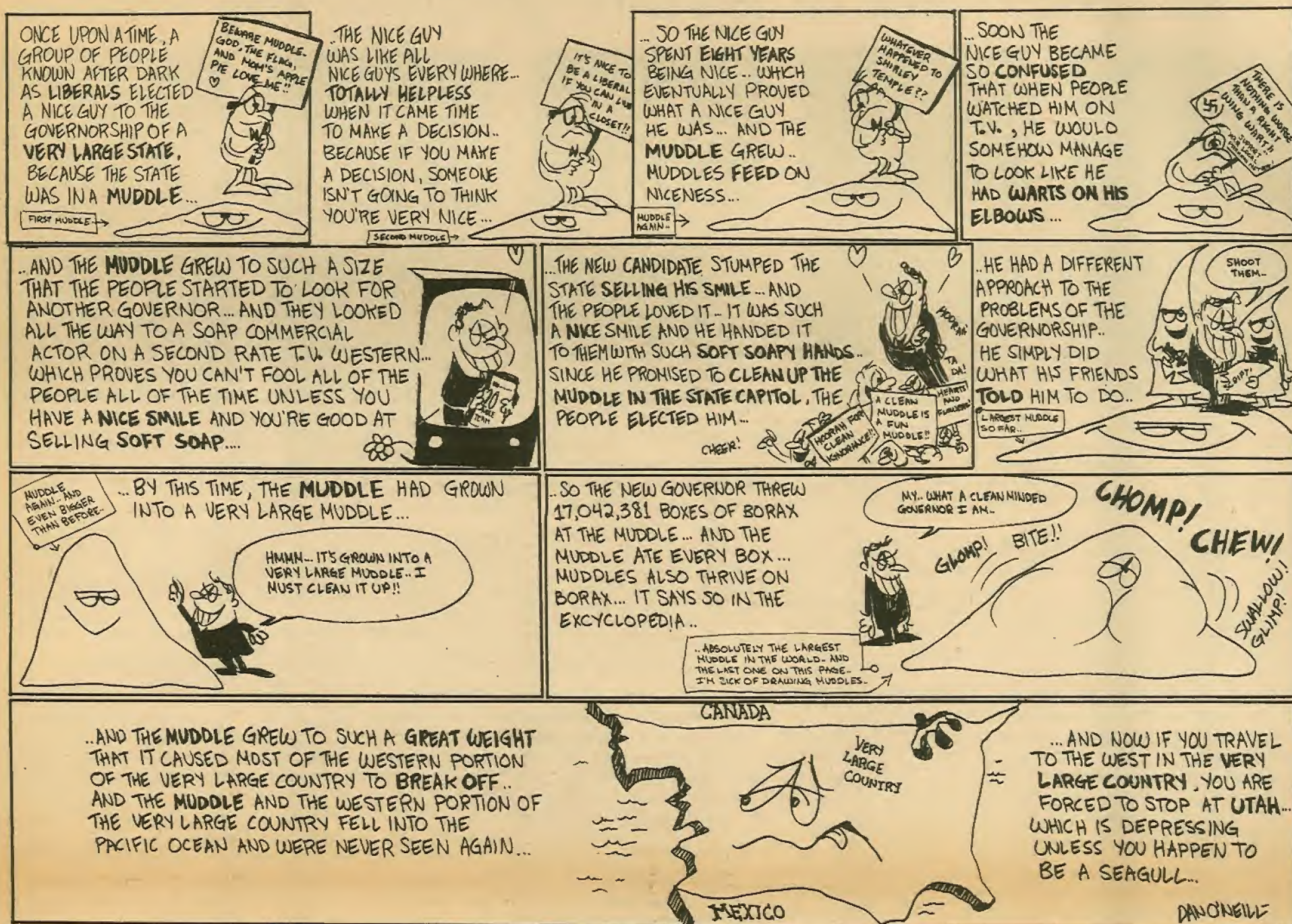
The Bay Guardian

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."
(Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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The Calif. muddle and how it grew...



ABAG: Deal us in 'from the top'

By Our Regional Affairs Correspondent

"The real issue is whether local government decides to deal it self in on the region."

Thus did a spokesman for the Association of Bay Area Governments try to drum up support among Mayors and City Councilmen of Marin County for ABAG's plan to transform itself into a regional government.

The prospect of local government "dealing itself in" on the region scares the conservationists who regard city councilmen and supervisors, together with their land-developer and Chamber-of-Commerce allies, as largely responsible for the rape of much of the Bay area landscape since World War II — from wholesale filling of bay tidelands to planting slurban housing over acres of once-lovely hillsides.

MOST CITY councils and Boards of Supervisors in the Bay Area consist principally of men who are middle-aged, in business, white, Protestant, Republican — and, above all, conservative. It is no accident that Ronald Reagan got an affectionate ovation from delegates to the convention of the League of California Cities, even though, ironically, one of Reagan's main campaign issues — the alleged need to restore law and order in California — implies a rebuke to councilmen and supervisors who adore him. (California has no Statewide police force controlled by the Governor; if law and order have indeed broken down, it can only be because city police forces and county sheriffs are not doing their jobs.)

ABAG, in any event, consists

of men who typify local government. They apparently are less concerned with what may be good for the future of the Bay Area than with how to "deal themselves in" on the control of any future regional government. Accordingly, they suggest that the Legislature declare ABAG a regional government to deal with four matters — regional planning, parks and open space, refuse disposal and airports.

Under the ABAG plan, a voter would never get to vote directly for anyone to represent him in regional government. Rather, ABAG "dealers-in" would retain control; the governing body would consist only of councilmen and supervisors. An arrangement of this sort is a highly dubious way to guarantee democratic government for the Bay area. Since ABAG has long used the consulting services of Victor Jones, able UC political scientist, its hierarchy must know that the U.S. Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision makes the ABAG plan of dubious legality as well. Hercules (pop. 300) would have the same political power as Oakland or San Jose.

A cynical view is that ABAG's policy-makers know full well the doubtful legality of their idea, but want to wait for a court to declare the necessity for a governing body elected on a one-man, one-vote basis.

FORTUNATELY for the Bay area, the final decision does not rest with ABAG. Only the legislature can create a regional government for the Bay area. Certainly, it would be difficult to argue that state senators and assemblymen — or, for that matter, U.S. senators and congress-

men — have a monopoly on virtue and intelligence denied to their brethren on city councils and boards of supervisors. So there is reason for concern about the attitude of future state legislatures toward the Bay area, particularly since reapportionment has shifted political control to Southern California.

But in recent years, the legislature has adopted measures of considerable benefit to the Bay area, including provisions for a regional transportation study and for controls on bay fill.

A NEW study of the Bay area's governmental problems has now been proposed by Sena-

tor J. Eugene McAteer of San Francisco. McAteer has long regarded ABAG as little more than a debating society propped up by liberal doses of federal planning money, and he has expressed considerable skepticism about the ABAG proposal.

McAteer's proposal — which got surprisingly little coverage when it was unveiled last week — is that the legislature create in 1967 a state commission on Bay area regional organization. This commission would have 15 members and would have 15 months or so, until January, 1969, to study governmental problems and make specific proposals to the 1969 legislature. In

this way, it would be able to coordinate its work with the planning of two other important state agencies — the Bay Area Transportation Study Commission (BATS) and the Bay Conservation and Development Commission (BCDC).

Since McAteer is an influential Senator, with a good record for getting bills passed, his proposal has an excellent chance of success in the 1967 legislature. His plan would give Bay area citizens time to fully consider what kind of a regional government they want (if any) and whether they want to vote directly for the people who would deal with regional problems such as transportation, smog control, airport development, bay filling, and garbage disposal. The chief virtue of this orderly consideration of government problems is that nobody gets to deal himself in from the top.

A Rural Diary

This morning, as soon as the fog had risen from the slopes and the sun had come through the clouds, I made my way up the Daly City side of San Bruno Mountain. It was a tricky climb, up the rocky banks, over some sandstone humps and through clumps of scraggly brush, but I still reached the brow of the mountain before the traffic clogged the Bayshore Freeway below.

I settled on a ledge, lit a cigar and contemplated what must be, without qualification, the most magnificent view of the entire Bay area. The bosses and rondures of the mountain rolled to the bay like the backs of dinosaurs kneeling to drink. Arching above Hunters Point was an interesting cloudscape, here some miniature mountains with steep valleys, there a puff of cotton candy. I could see as far north as the racetrack at Richmond, as

far east as Mount Diablo, as far south as the Dumbarton Bridge. On the west, the panorama was more spectacular as my eyes swept from north to south: the headlands of Marin, the Golden Gate, the high rise of Stonestown and Park Merced, the green patches of parks and golf courses and cemeteries extending to Crystal Springs Lakes.

A robin's piercing autumn notes burst from some brush, dropping to a peal of fairy bells and then to a whisper caressing the morning calm. San Bruno, I decided, is a mountain of moods. At the bottom and from a distance, one beholds the moods of introspection: an arid yellow and gray in the summer, a somber purple in the fall, a life-affirming green in the rainy season. But on top, one gets the feel of power and of a brooding colossus that commands San Francisco and environs as Mt. Fujiyama does Japan.

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A film that surprised the film festival

'The Cool World' of Harlem—prophecy and warning



GUARDIAN PHOTOS BY JERRY BURCHARD

Scenes from Shirley Clarke's "The Cool World," photographed directly from the screen during the Film Festival's afternoon program, are in-

terspersed with pictures of Miss Clarke, director, and Albert Johnson, program coordinator, during their post-screening discussion of this bril-

liant poetic documentary of the world of Harlem's subculture. One of the few modern masterpieces of Negro life, "The Cool World" is a

time-space warp into another dimension where white Christian truisms of morality are subverted and meaningless.

Festival: What else is new?

By Beth Coffelt

A queer sort of cloud formed over San Francisco this week, a Steinberg balloon with a baroque question-mark in the center. Specifically, the cloud poised over Masonic auditorium and, actually, the questions were many.

Who ran the film festival? How much profit does it have to show before the city will relax? How much money did it spend and how much more can it get next year? How much freedom does the creative director have? Is there a creative director? Who is working on next year's festival now, and, if nobody, why not?

These should be answered; I doubt they will be. San Franciscans have a Dorothy Dainty approach to things cultural. As with kids' plays, where Freddie's mother brings the sugar water, and Johnny's the toll house cookies, God help one who raises a whiff of criticism.

WE CAN, HOWEVER, determine who runs it. San Francisco society, evidently. Becoming the fulcrum of the entire event, the parties enclose the festival in a saran-wrap sheath of in-groupism, snobbishness and parochial moonshine. Society likes it, sure, but it's keeping the people away.

New York's Lincoln center festival had one thing going for it: two definite audiences: society

in gold lame and buffs in mod gear, each claiming to be the festival's true supporters. Average New Yorkers gawked delightedly at the bizarreries of both.

Where in San Francisco were the "wild beasts" of the underground cinema in our own country? Where were Warhol and Genet? A roaring undercurrent of kooky stuff runs through New York, some of it pretty good, some of it shown this year for the first time at the N.Y. festival. Yet Kenneth Anger is right here in San Francisco. Why wasn't he asked to participate? The selection committee would benefit by recognizing that, as Gertrude Stein says, the creator of a new composition in the arts is an outlaw until he becomes a classic.

LET'S HAVE the excitement of judging for ourselves what's good and bad, and let's do it in an environment where we can howl and shout, with the film world on the platform shouting back. Clearly, raw, brilliant, inchoate films are around; why didn't we get a chance to see them?

What did we see? The program selection committee was substantially the same as last year, and it's time for some new faces. Films shown did offer an authentic weltanschauung of modern cinema: The 31 entries maintained an above-average of technique and performance.

But lamentably it was a spiritless program. There was some wit, some warmth, but universally artists are producing psychological and sociological horror stories. The non-moral, ruthless demands of art force us to ask: What else is new?

Finally, about Albert Johnson. He is listed as program coordinator. He has too much to do and no one, apparently, to delegate work to. Appoint Johnson creative director; let him pick his own staff. He has the contacts, scholarship, wit, love for experiment, program originality and showmanship. Give him the status and prestige he deserves and

let him run the show — with enough money to do it right. A good program is a work of art, and Johnson is a born programmer. He knows more about films than anybody in northern California.

The San Francisco Film Festival scored some horrendous bloopers, such as:

Executive Director Bill Boyd's introducing a dignitary of Mexico, and, after going on for five minutes about what a great "friend of the festival" he was, forgetting his name;

Getting the wrong print for "Incubus" and making the audience cool its heels a half hour while they sent to West Portal for a new one;

Testing the spotlights during the shorts;

Failing to notify the Polish dancers who were to perform the night of Poland's entry, "Pharaoh," that "Pharaoh" had been yanked. The Poles danced their hearts out for Russia's "Hamlet";

Sounding a buzzer five minutes before the end of each film;

Introducing a star of "Fists in the Pocket" as present in the audience, when he wasn't; covering up by saying he probably was shy;

Boyd's failing to wear a tux; Presenting the Golden Gate award after a hand comes out of the audience and shoves it at Program Coordinator Albert Johnson;

Allowing late comers to enter after the film began;

And the biggest mistake of all, using the auditorium, where two-thirds of the seats are angled diagonally to the screen.

CAPSULE REVIEWS

RUSSIAN ENTRY: "HAMLET"

The Russian "Hamlet" won a Selznick award and substituted for the major Polish entry, "Pharaoh." Major cliches of current Shakespeare (the undulant bosoms, the faggy Hamlet) were replaced by fascinating Gothic-Slavic details of dress and interpretation. (Ophelia's "How shall I my true love know" became a guttural Russian folk song.) Unfortunately the translation

missed the power of Shakespeare's black mirror.

INDIAN ENTRY: "THE GREAT CITY" (MAHANAGAR)

Satyajit Ray's newest film—an elegant, understatement of life in the "great city" of Calcutta—forces the lyric repertoire of "Apu" characters into a stark, threatening world of Anglo-American business. Women only recently emerged from Purdah, men whose pride suffers daily emasculation, the Anglo-Indian outcasts are the new forms for expressing Ray's passionate love of country. A quiet, poignant film with moments of high comedy.

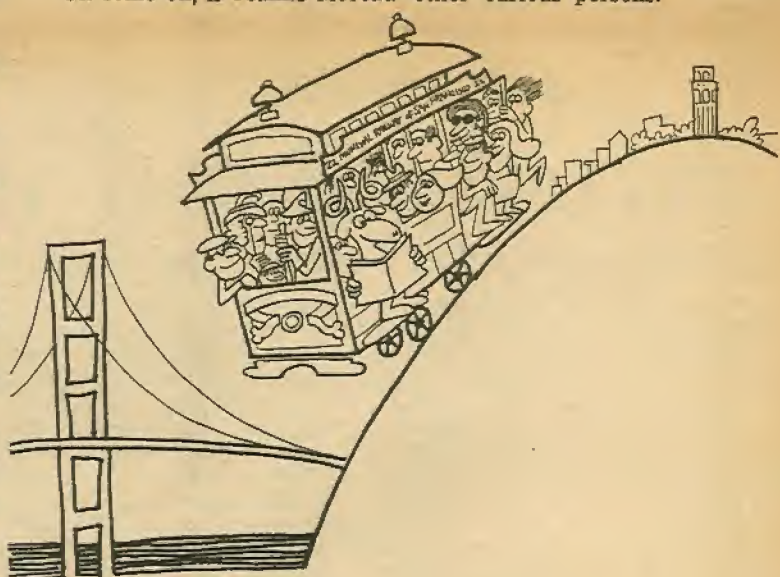
FRANCE: "MATA HARI"

Oh come on, is Jeanne Moreau

really that good? Another of those love affairs between a camera and La Moreau. The French are so inventive when it comes to sex. Some funny bits, a few tears, but mainly Moreau beside us romping in the wilderness.

AMERICAN ENTRY: "INCUBUS"

Leslie Stevens directed this piece of ingrown nonsense, touted as "avant-garde" "daring" and "experimental." It was laughed down at its most crucial point of far-out pretentiousness. The Esperanto was stilted and oddly Biblical, the theme was a fable of demons and pure souls. Of mild interest to occultists and other curious persons.



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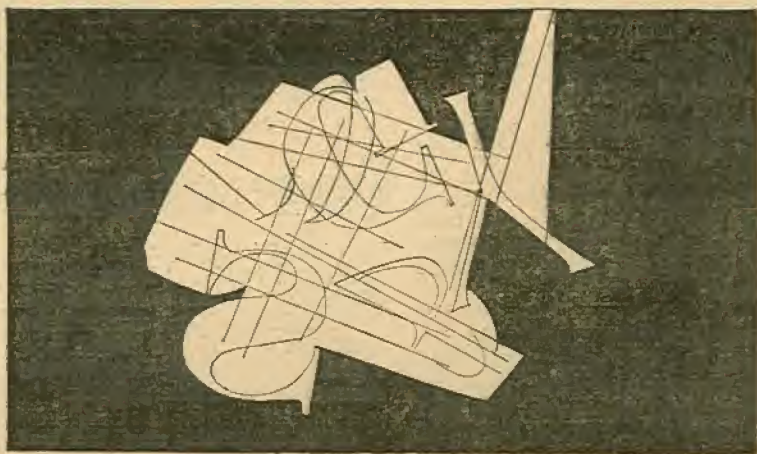
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History of modern U.S. sex research



'Living Water' Zen Paintings

BY OUR ART CRITIC

A few evenings ago, thousands of people crowded into the galleries of the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum to attend a preview of the Society of Western Artists' annual exhibition. They overflowed into nearby galleries, forsaking for a few minutes the boats and barns that had brought them to an art museum when they could have been at home viewing "Gilligan's Islands" or "The Monkees."

They circulated from the SWA show to the exhibition of Time cover portraits, along a circuitous route, carefully avoiding an intervening display of paintings by Kenzo Okada. Those who did venture near muttered painfully predictable comments: "I guess some kids got loose in there," or "My grandchildren can do better than that." These three galleries nearly were deserted.

SUCH ART lovers ignored one of the Bay Area's rewarding exhibitions this year. Any "discovery" by this writer is a belated one, for many of the paintings were lent from permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Carnegie Institute and the San Francisco Museum of Art. The only discovery involved is personal, a confrontation with a subtle but overwhelming distillation of fermentitious decades in the visual arts.

Kenzo Okada, born in Japan in 1902, studied in Paris, returned to Japan and made a successful career of painting the kind of

pictures SWA artists value. Following a yearning for the West, expressed repeatedly in his work before 1950, he came to the U.S. Produced between 1952 and 1965, the paintings in this exhibition completely abandon the representational European style that brought him success at home. Yet, as Gordon Washburn wrote in the catalog notes, "... simultaneously with adoption of Western abstraction he had finally discovered Japan."

Something unmistakably Japanese is in these serenely composed paintings. An admirer of Zen Buddhist philosophy, Okada finds that meditation frees his creative spirit. Perhaps this is how he conveys forms in abstraction to the mystified viewer, especially in the larger canvases. For Okada captures an essence of beauty, the very reason we enjoy looking at a cloud-filled sky, a granite mountain or a shining Bay—not because we know what they are, but because of pleasing irregularities of form, relationships of colors, balance of light and dark and a dynamic tension that gives them a life of their own. To quote Mr. Washburn again, Okada "produces something strangely parallel to nature's own effects, close in fact to textures and tones such as we treasure in rocks and leaves and aging wood, in the earth itself or in living waters."

THERE ARE more than 30 paintings in the exhibition, many of which invite a good, long look—even meditation. You have until Dec. 11.

which has provided a substantial amount of this badly needed information. Results were published early this year under the title "The Human Sexual Response."

TWO OF MASTERS and Johnson's findings replace earlier scientific guesswork and medical mythology. First, they established beyond doubt that the walls of the vagina are the source of vaginal lubrication during sexual behavior. Earlier hypotheses held that cervical tissue or the labial Bartholin's glands supplied the lubrication so important for sperm viability, but they play no functional role in the process. Second, the St. Louis scientists proved that the anatomy and physiology of female climax is the same whether only the clitoris is stimulated or deep vaginal penetration occurs. This contradicts the orthodox Freudian notion that mature female sexual enjoyment depends on vaginal penetration.

Reaction to the Masters and Johnson work has been mostly calm and rational although the book reached No. 4 on the New York Times list of non-fiction best sellers. Time and Life ran factual reports on the book and its authors. Newsweek, April 25, 1966, devoted a page to an accurate description of major findings and closed the article with the statement that "If nothing else, 'Human Sexual Response' is opening up both doors and minds long closed to a scientific study of sex." A similar conclusion was reached by university of California psychologist Frank Beach in the August, 1966, Scientific American: "In addition to greatly increasing our factual knowledge concerning sexual physiology, Masters and Johnson have provided basic information that can be used to improve the lives of many men and women."

The Bay Guardian
Nov. 7, 1966 page 9

... STARTS WITH ROCKEFELLER, SR.

"The Human Sexual Response," William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, 366 pgs., Little Brown, Boston.

By Gordon Bermant

Sex is much more public today than 50 or even 30 years ago. In 1936 Maj. Gen. Charles R. Reynolds, surgeon general of the war department, was not allowed to use the word syphilis on the radio; today media carry stories on venereal disease, illegitimacy, abortion, impotence and frigidity. They are no longer skeletons in society's closet.

Public discussion of sexual matters started partly because of increased research into sexual behavior and attitudes by biological, bio-medical and social scientists. Medical and psychiatric application of scientific information already accumulated will have a profound effect on our reproductive and sexual success. How did this work come to be done?

The early history of domestic sex research is somewhat the history of John D. Rockefeller and the Rockefeller Foundation. In 1910 Rockefeller was a member of the grand jury investigating prostitution and related crime in New York City. Deeply impressed with the social prob-

Gordon Bermant is associate professor of psychology at University of California at Davis.

lems produced by prostitution and venereal disease, Rockefeller involved himself founding and funding the Bureau of Social Hygiene (for almost \$6 million) to combat these problems with social action and propaganda.

A LEADING FIGURE in development of the bureau was Dr. Katherine Davis, who had distinguished herself as superintendent of the New York State Reformatory for Women and commissioner of correction for New York City. Dr. Davis and other social reform leaders were convinced that social progress could be accelerated if more were known about basic psychological and biological determinants of sexual behavior. The Rockefeller Foundation agreed to support this basic research, but also required was an administrative body to contact interested scientists with the prestige to prevent salacious publicity. One such organization existed: the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences.

Rockefeller was impressed enough by Earl Zinn, an ex-graduate student of psychology, to place him on the Bureau of Social Hygiene's payroll for a year to work out a program for presentation to the research council.

ZINN PRESENTED HIS proposal to Harvard-trained psychologist Robert Yerkes, chairman of the N.R.C. Research Information Service. Yerkes, whose technical and theoretical contributions to comparative psychology make him a pioneer in America, reacted enthusiastically. His prestige

BOOKS

and forceful advocacy of the project overcame resistance to research in this "sensitive" area by conservative council members. They finally agreed to establish the Committee for Research in Problems of Sex, with Dr. Yerkes as chairman, Zinn as executive secretary and Dr. Davis as a committee member. The first official meeting of the committee was January 17, 1922.

BETWEEN 1922 and 1947, the committee awarded 470 grants to 104 principal investigators; as a result, well over 1,000 scientific papers were published in professional journals and books. Their scope went from basic biochemistry of gonadal and gonadotrophic (pituitary) hormones to the sexual behavior of Australian aborigines. Detailed information collected on secretion of female sex hormones (estrogen and progesterone) by the ovary was basic to later development of techniques of oral contraception. The committee sponsored the 1939-47 research of Charles Huggins of Chicago into the causes of cancer of the prostate gland. Another major effort of the committee was sponsoring the first two editions (1932, 1939) of "Sex and Internal Secretions," which included reviews of all information available in the area.

But from inception until 1962, when the committee's activities were voluntarily terminated, the studies that did most to focus public attention on sex and gonadotrophic (pituitary) research led to the Kinsey reports.

Publication of the Kinsey

"male" volume on January 5, 1948, marked a major milestone in both sex research and its public discussion. Never before had so many people been asked so many questions about their sexual practices, with their answers so carefully tabulated and fully presented. To be sure, Katherine Davis herself had published "Factors in the Sex Life of Twenty-two Hundred Women" in 1929; Dickinson and Beam had presented frank sexual information (mainly details of sexual case histories) in their 1931 book "A Thousand Marriages," and several cultural anthropologists followed the 1929 lead of Bronislaw Malinowski's "The Sexual Life of Savages in Northwestern Melanesia," presenting sexual behavior and attitudes of other cultures.

A search of newspapers and popular periodicals of the time reveals little public interest. Several reviews of the Malinowski work were in the responsible press (The Times and The Spectator of London, the Saturday Review of Literature)—uniformly favorable, technical, and not informing the general audience of a lot of hot stuff between the covers.

PRESS AND PUBLIC reaction to the first Kinsey book, on the other hand, was nothing short of frantic. As the New York Times exclaimed three months after publication, "more people were familiar with the book than with the Marshall Plan." Sex research had entered the public domain.

When the Kinsey group's "female" volume appeared in 1953, public interest soared. Some, as Representative Louis B. Heller, Democrat of Brooklyn, were aghast. After advance press releases on the book, Heller opined that Kinsey and colleagues were "accusing the bulk of American

Harlem's leaders

Continued from page 2

of our meetings. But they're watching. . . ."

As Haughton, Epton believes in the historic inevitability of his cause. "If the white power structure can't sell this Vietnam war to the people—which they need to do for their economic survival, they're going to try fascism. And they ain't going to do it with the Birchers or Minute-men, or dopes like Lincoln Rockwell, who can't even articulate a sentence, when they got Bundy and Rusk on their side. If McNamara ain't a fascist, he's sure sleeping with them."

MAE MALLORY, another Negro leader, was involved in a celebrated civil rights case: the alleged kidnapping of a Southern white couple in South Carolina. She spent 13 months in jail. Her "accomplice," Robert Williams, after fleeing to Cuba, was accused by Life magazine of masterminding a stateside guerrilla organization. "A bunch of sensationalism," says Mrs. Mallory. "How's he going to organize the whole

United States, we can't organize Harlem?"

Mrs. Mallory's vehicle is the women's committee of Haughton's HUC. "We're an autonomous group geared to organize women." Last summer, Mrs. Mallory enlisted black support for the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade committee's demonstration, the first time Negroes protested downtown. Her reason: "The black woman, if she's successful raising a son—that is, keeping him alive; our mortality rate's higher, you know—if she's successful, the Army puts him in uniform and sends him to kill some other poor colored woman's children with similar problems. If that cracker (Johnson—Editor.) wants to send Pat Nugent to fight, let him. But not our black young men."

"Black Power is only a slogan that caught on like wildfire. Because what the black man feels most is powerless. Everyone was needing this power. Love wasn't getting us anywhere. It didn't get the God we been praying to all these years any place. He couldn't

—Continued on Page 10

S. F.'s Supermarket Boycott

Genteel Inertia

RISE SHOP PRICES
have spurred housewives' revolts across the nation. Yet in San Francisco, where the rise has been among the highest, attempts to mount a boycott have foundered.

It's a fine thing to be socially aware, but it can be sticky, too, San Francisco's women are discovering. When ladies across the U.S. shouldered signs, locked step and began chanting anti-supermarket slogans, many women in the Bay area looked on admiringly. But as one protest organization after another sprang up from Hawaii to St. Petersburg, Fla., it seemed probable that here nothing would be done.

The inactivity of Bay area women was doubly confounding, since, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, prices here rose a full 1 per cent to 116.4 between June and September, topping the government's over-all price index. Only New York and Kansas City are higher. Denver, starting-place of consumer boycotts, doesn't touch us.

Mention was made recently, in

Jack Rosenbaum's Examiner column, of a Mrs. Vivian Estrada organizing a local boycott. I called Mrs. Estrada, who was willing to be interviewed but anxious to stress that, "We're not radicals, you know. Just women who want a penny off the beans."

AT HER HOME in the Marina district, Mrs. Estrada added: "We're not black-stocking women; we're not *against*—we just want to lower the costs of living a little."

"We" turned out to be an indeterminate number of women ("I've had telephone calls from a woman in San Leandro; she had a girl friend; one girl is a school teacher; a woman with a husband in an executive position—oh, we're a good cross-section").

Mrs. Estrada's group, however, has little organization. "It seems impractical to have a master headquarters," she said. "Right now we're meeting in different districts." The sticking point appears to be picketing. The women would rather not do it. We don't want to accuse anyone unjustly," she said.

With Mrs. Estrada was Barbara Israelstam, who said, "It's terribly difficult figuring out

who's responsible: the railroads, the farmers. . . . We've just about decided excess profits are being made at all levels. One fellow ups the price 1c, the next 2c, the next 3c. The real culprit, though, we think, are those games. . . ."

TO GET THE FACTS, Mrs. Estrada and two other ladies comparison-shopped. First, they discussed their grievances with QFI Manager Jack Ylunda. Horrified, he protested his stores had no gimmicks, no "Go to the Races" game, no "Bonus Bingo." "Make a point of it," the ladies said, "by advertising." Ylunda worked all weekend designing an ad disassociating QFI from games and gimmicks.

Next came Safeway; in particular, Safeway's Marina store, which the women feel is one of the city's highest priced. "You know, we discovered prices rise and fall around the city, depending on the clientele."

"Sirloin tip or rump in QFI," said Mrs. Estrada, "is 79c; at Safeway, 89c to 99c. Safeway sirloin steak, \$1.09; anywhere else, 89c. . . . And Bumblebee Tuna Fish, 3 for 79c; elsewhere, Del Monte, which I think a better brand, is 3 for 75c."

MRS. ESTRADA called Safeway's administrative offices in Oakland and spoke with a Mr. Philpott, who assured her Safeway's Bonus Bingo adds only 4c per customer every 13 weeks. "Well, I'm sorry," said Mrs. Estrada, "I don't find that in my shopping."

And then Mr. Philpott asked Mrs. Estrada questions about her education, her income. "He was insinuating this was a political gimmick. We're trying so hard to be non-political. We don't want to be used. We started out for good and we want to stay that way. . . ."

If the women won't get political and won't picket, and if Safeway stands pat with its game, will the women have caved in to the supermarkets? Mrs. Estrada hinted there would be headline news by the end of this week: "I can't tell you what it is, but we're going to work through the PTA and the Cub Scouts."—S.C.P.

Letters . . .

To the editor.

Congratulations on the publication of Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Bay Guardian. The format and the content substantiate your newspaper philosophy as outlined in your editorial "Statement of Intent."

Reading the first issue gave me, and my family, great pleasure and satisfaction. We are proud to have been a part of your early planning and to be charter subscribers. We look forward to future editions.

Mary W. Henderson
Councilwoman,
City of Redwood City.

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The Bay Guardian
page 10 Nov. 7, 1966

San Bruno

mountain up

for demolition

Continued from Page 4—

sentiment is riding high in San Mateo County and two Democratic candidates—Mark Sullivan for Congress and Adolph "Bud" Harrison for supervisor—are making strong conservation pitches.

ONE REASON may be that PACC officials feel that, if the airport bond issue passes and further runway fills are thereby authorized, this could serve as the thin edge of the wedge for development plans linked to the airport. The need for airport fill may also provide the most legitimate cover for opening up San Bruno Mountain to excavation.

San Bruno is designated as one of two sources of fill for the airport expansion. The other is Sweeney Ridge on watershed lands owned by the City of San Francisco.

The Wilsey study was based on the use of a conveyor belt to transport dirt over the Bayshore freeway. A Trojan horse excavation scheme, since reportedly abandoned, was proposed: A shaft would be bored, vertically, in the mountain; a bulldozer would scrape the dirt fill from the ridge and push it into the tunnel; the material would be processed by a crusher operation at the base of the tunnel; the results would be moved on a conveyor belt to 100-ton trains or 3,000-ton barges.

PACC's latest study, based on barging, would permit the fill to be easily conveyed, not only to sites near the airport, but to various sites around the bayshore. Once San Bruno is opened to excavation, PACC and Crocker thus will be able to supply, cheaply and easily, all fill projects at bayside.

The mountain-topping operation also ties into Crocker's financing and planning for a mammoth residential development for

must of the company's 3,500-acre ridge and valley holdings. An early "suggested master plan" projected a development for at least 50,000 persons—a city about the size of Palo Alto and about 2½ times larger than the controversial Marinello project north of the Golden Gate.

After the plan was published by the Redwood City Tribune, however, Crocker hastily changed signals and retained the Bechtel Corporation to do a new plan that would, according to Crocker's press release, "be esthetically pleasing and financially feasible." Bechtel's plan is reportedly finished, but hasn't been made public.

HARLEM

Continued from Page 9—

save Himself; how's He going to save modern man?

"**BLACK POWER** means black control of black communities; it has nothing to do with guerrillas, just defense. The white man's out to annihilate us, I'm sure that sounds as wild as to the Jews in Germany before Hitler did it. The white man's going to practice genocide on us like he did to the Indians. Where're the Indians? They're not around anymore."

"This country never did intend absorbing us. We weren't brought here for that purpose. Now that there's automation, they don't want us. Except to fight their enemies."

"The black man's got to see himself as part of a worldwide liberation movement of colored people. What he needs is an economic ideology that works for him. The leader who's got that ideology might be on the scene today. . . . Only I don't know him."



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The Crow's Nest

By W. G. Gaffney

I am currently fascinated by LBJ's allegation, virtually in these words, that "this country can have both guns and butter." I can't put a finger on it, but I think it may have been uttered by Great Industrialist William Knudsen as head of War Production circa January, 1942—whereupon, a week or so later, we went on gas and rubber rationing and, two weeks after that, butter rationing.

I am the more aware of this (as this generation is not) because 1) every single time, as I recall, that H. Hoover said, in effect, "Prosperity is just around the corner," the market dropped again, until somebody told him to stop saying such things—at which point, the market remained static (to be sure, with AT & T at \$1.98 per share), and 2) awhile ago, Gen. Hershey said, "No married men, and no men over 35, will be called until after Christmas, whereupon, age 36 and married, I went the next week, to find myself in a Camp Dix full of guys up to 45 (plus a few of 46 whose birthdays happened to fall wrong), all, except me, fathers...

Ergo, I expect a declaration of war against mainland China within not more than two weeks of this letter.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry... that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favorite, the Emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom, nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his Majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent.—Gulliver, Book 1, chapter 7.

"Nor are we fond of hearing the English-speaking peoples talking about 'the betterment of all mankind.' It has at least a savor of a German heresy which put the world into a four years' war. Next to maltreating foreign nations, almost the worst thing that any powerful country can do is to set out to better them."

Washington papers please copy. That Timely Quotation actually comes from one Heywood Brown ("Seeing Things at Night," 1921, page 248).

Which leads us neatly to the fact that this is intended to be a column for and by contributors—a space for wit, quips, verse, useful and edifying quotations like the one above—a space such as those provided in the columns of F.P.A., Don Marquis, Christopher Morley and Bert Leston Taylor. Who knows what mental flames may be kindled, in the mind of some near or distant reader, by your little candle, or even match?

One correspondent, Pat from Sausalito, writes: "I have a clipping I carry around and peer at from time to time, because it rather haunts me. The story is a month or so old by now, but it still gets talked and written about, and is well on the way to becoming folklore. This is the story about the President's daughter and her new husband on their first trip to the supermarket, with a picture of her spouse with a bag of groceries that had clunked the register at \$30.19.

"The figure isn't too implausible; after all, I, too, shop in supermarkets. What gets me is that the description in the text is of A Bag. Now, I shop for the two of us once a week, and we eat fairly expensively: steak, bread, butter, milk. But even at last week's prices, which started me thinking about baking my own bread, it still takes four standard large bags to hold \$25 worth.

"So— if I'm not being too nosy—does anyone have clues to what the newlyweds bought? One is led to think of South African lobster tails, Cornish rock hens and similar goodies; no doubt such a guess could be right. But I'm curious!"

Anybody know? Now we are curious, too!

Inspired by the presence (in the air, especially the waves thereof) of a fictional hero of not dissimilar nomenclature, we have been reading G. A. Birmingham's novel, "General John Regan" (recommended light reading, say two stars; ask your local library). Mr. Birmingham was an Englishman and, therefore, one of his principal characters bore the standard English model-American name of "Horace P. Billing." That Gen. John Regan was the liberator of Bolivia (never mind what became of S. Bolivar, Esq.) is beside the point; the sudden charm and laughter, in this late re-reading, arose from the fact that, as nearly as we could tell, not only the other characters, but the author himself, apparently thought that Bolivia was one of the 48 states.

Ah, well, there is the classic tale of a man from Omaha informing an otherwise literate Philadelphian where he was from, only to be asked, "Yes, I see, and what is the capital of Omaha?"

And the Boston lady who, on hearing a guest was from Idaho, said gently: "I should tell you, my dear, that here we pronounce it Iowa."

Never mind, Boston and San Francisco are (as Mr. Kipling would have said) sisters under the skin. An Eastern businessman, settling and investing in the West, mentioned to a San Franciscan that he was going to New Mexico. "What?" said the listener. "Don't tell me you're thinking of leaving the country!"

Everybody—except the advertising and p.r. boys themselves—is aware that ads often are funny unintentionally, and the more expensive the space, the funnier are the fluffs, at least for those of us who are not paying for the space, unless indirectly at the grocery or nylon shop. Our nomination for funniest ad of 1966 (well worth riffling over your coffee table to find) is that on page 13 of Life for October 7. Won't name the product, because why give free advertising, especially to a product of which sensible people should disapprove. Also, won't tell you why it is so classically funny, because this is, as Horace Greely used to say—ah, how well I remember Horace saying this to me in my cub-reporter days—this is a family paper. But if you don't whoop, as we did, well O.K., write in and tell us why. "De gustibus," as Robert Browning, who had picked up a reasonable amount of schoolboy Latin, used to say.

EPIGRAM

Ill fares that land, with future woe awash,

Where votes are swayed by Sex Appeal—and bosh.

Swinburn, that whose ear none had a whomer, would have told you (rightly) that wash does not make a true rhyme with bosh; but Mista Swinburne, than those ear none had a whomer, would have told you present).



Military Look Fashion

The "Doughboy Look," just now hitting San Francisco, comes not from Carnaby Street or even MacDougal but F. Scott Fitzgerald's East Egg through New York's Delancey street flea market. There, on the dingy, tenement-ridden lower East Side, cast-off duds of New York's society trickle like sludge to the bottom of the Great Melting Pot.

Though little known, New York's flea market rivals that of Paris. It stretches in a crazy zig-zag pattern from the tip of Manhattan, at Delancey, along Second avenue, where it giant-steps across the island to resume a meandering course up the West Side. At its nethermost point, the market consists of pushcarts, on which cast-off goods are piled. In the fashionable neighborhoods uptown, the garments are trundled inside, hung on racks and advertised as "slightly used." But, whether "slightly used" or "old" they emanate from the same source: the closets of well-to-do New Yorkers.

Shortly before the Doughboy Look came in, New York went through a great social upheaval. Young artists, no longer able to stand the high tariffs, in Greenwich Village, began immigrating to the lower East side (now styled the East Village).

There they settled into railroad flats next to the city's recent poor, the Puerto Ricans. The winters are cold in coldwater flats, and soon the youngsters followed their neighbors' example by buying warm clothing off the pushcarts. The search for bargains coincided with the breaking-up of many old homes. Along with boas and ratty fox furs, cherished by ancient, lately deceased dowagers, came World War I uniforms, released from old chests in musty attics.

THE TWILL mess jackets, regimental tunics and officers' greatcoats were made of the most durable material. New York's aristocratic 17th regiment—reserve unit of the Astors and Vanderbilts—was famous for the elegant dress of its cadres. A lower East Side hippy with Devereaux Milburn III's old trench coat, regimental patches outlined in thread on the sleeve, had a coat equal to one sold at Abercrombie and Fitch on Madison avenue.

Inevitably, the charm of these old jackets proved seductive to the mass of young New Yorkers. The youngsters, with their contempt for things military, per-versely sported paraphernalia of the world's last romantic war, —S.C.P.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO BAY AREA GOINGS-ON

theatre

Illegitimate Theater. The Tangent, 117 University ave., Palo Alto. 9 p.m. Fri., Sat. Improvisational theatre at its funniest. The material is often bawdy, but the group's taste is faultless; out to amuse, not shock or disgust, it can get away with more than The Committee or Mime Troupe without losing its audience. Among routines: a bedroom scenario with a bashful seducer, and an amorous maiden, a skit between a flat-chested topless dancer and the doctor who injects her with silicone and a slightly scatological scene in a spaceship with faulty plumbing. Usually offered the extremes of Leroi Jones or Walt Disney; we take pleasure from a group that makes sex seem like good clean fun.

The Committee. 622 Broadway, S.F. Two shows nightly and Sun. (9 and 11); three shows Sat. (starting 8:30); closed Monday. Hard-hitting, irreverent satiric review. Johnson and his cabinet get a pretty good pounding.

Mime Troupe. Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel. Washington School, Grove and Bancroft, Berkeley. 8:30. Sat., Sun. A modern minstrel show-extravaganza lampooning all facets of white-black relations.

Waiting for Godot. The Playhouse, Beach and Hyde, S.F. 8:30. Thurs., Fri., Sat. Becket's modern classic: two bums in three quarter time.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf. The Interplayers, 747 Beach, 8. Fri., Sat. What goes on after nightfall in academe.

The Fantastics. Ghiradelli Square Theater, 8:30 Fri., 8 and 10:30 Sat., 7:30 Sun. Boy meets girl in a charming musical.

night clubs

Bocce Ball. 638 Broadway, S.F. Operatic arias and duets in a bistro atmosphere. Opera buffs will find it surprisingly good. 8:30 nightly.

Condor. Columbus at Broadway, S.F. Topless dancing featuring the legendary bosom of Carol Doda. Nightly at 8:30. No cover on drinks or Miss Doda.

Both/And Jazz Club. 350 Divisadero, S.F. Hugh Masakela, South African trumpeter and folksinger, until Nov. 6; Big Mama Willa Mae Thornton sings gospel, blues and folk-rock starting Nov. 7. First show 9:30 every night.

Earthquake McGoon's. 630 Clay. Turk Murphy plays best dixieland anywhere. Nightly 8:30. Closed Sun.

Awful-Awful. 12860 Monerey rd., San Jose. For those who like their entertainment noisy: banjos and beer. Decor is early roadhouse. Music Fri. and Sat. at 9.

drink

Harrington's. 245 Front. Best neighborhood bar in the city. Features shuffleboard and chess; Harrington brothers are the best Irish chess players in town.

Duncan Macandrew, Merchant, Tailor and Importer. 623 Clay. Don and Thisbe Blake serve free martinis to homesick easterners every Wednesday at 4:30. Native Californians also welcome.

art

M. H. de Young Memorial Museum. Golden Gate Park. Paintings of Kenzo Okada. Okada, Japanese-born, studied painting in Paris, combines western abstraction with Japanese techniques. See review.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor. Lincoln Pk. The Age of Rembrandt: over 100 17th-century Dutch masterpieces.

auctions

Atherton auction. 910 Main, Redwood City. Everything from rocking chairs to washing machines for next to nothing. Nov. 7 and 8 at 7:30. Preview Nov. 6, 10-5.

music

Carlos Montoya, classical guitar. Nourse auditorium (Hayes and Franklin), Nov. 12, 8:30.

Moscow Chamber orchestra. Masonic auditorium, Sat., Nov. 5, 8:30.

Incidental intelligence

Idaho exports more dried beans than any other state in the Union.—AP.

There are no snakes in Iceland.—D. Von Troil (1775), as cited by Thos. De Quincey.—AP London Bureau.

The name Tennessee is derived from the French and means "Green Mountain State."—AP Science Writer J. De Witt, linguistics professor at John Hopkins University.

The poet William Wordsworth was born in England and spent most of his life there.—AP special dispatch via Karachi (delayed in transmission.)

There are no railroads in Iceland.—OSS report, 1944, from the Pentagon's top secret files (declassified Nov. 8, 1965, by order of Secretary of Defense McNamara.)

The vernacular name for "fruit fly" in Australia is "fruit fly."—AP Israeli Press Bureau in Tel Aviv.

Nov. 7, 1966

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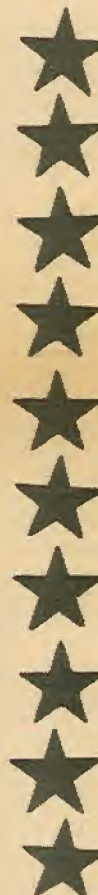
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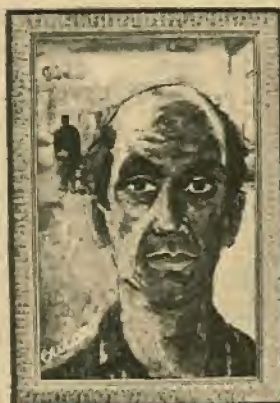


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